

Another Hit of Showmanship

The Struts

I don't feel human
I can't decide
Who the man is in the mirror
Living each day blind
I'm feeling clueless
Don't know what's right
Mama didn't raise no sinner
I'm not acting kind

I'm sick and faded
But I'm alright
So bored and jaded
Cross eyed

All I need is another hit
All I need is another little bit
All I need is another hit of showmanship and I will be alright
It gets me and the night never end
But it's getting harder to mend
All I need is another hit
All I need is another little bit
I'll be alright

These words are useless
My friends were right
I'm becoming such a cliché
It's about that time

Still got persuaded
It's morning light
I'm gonna make it
I'm fine

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